



# Barney & Betty

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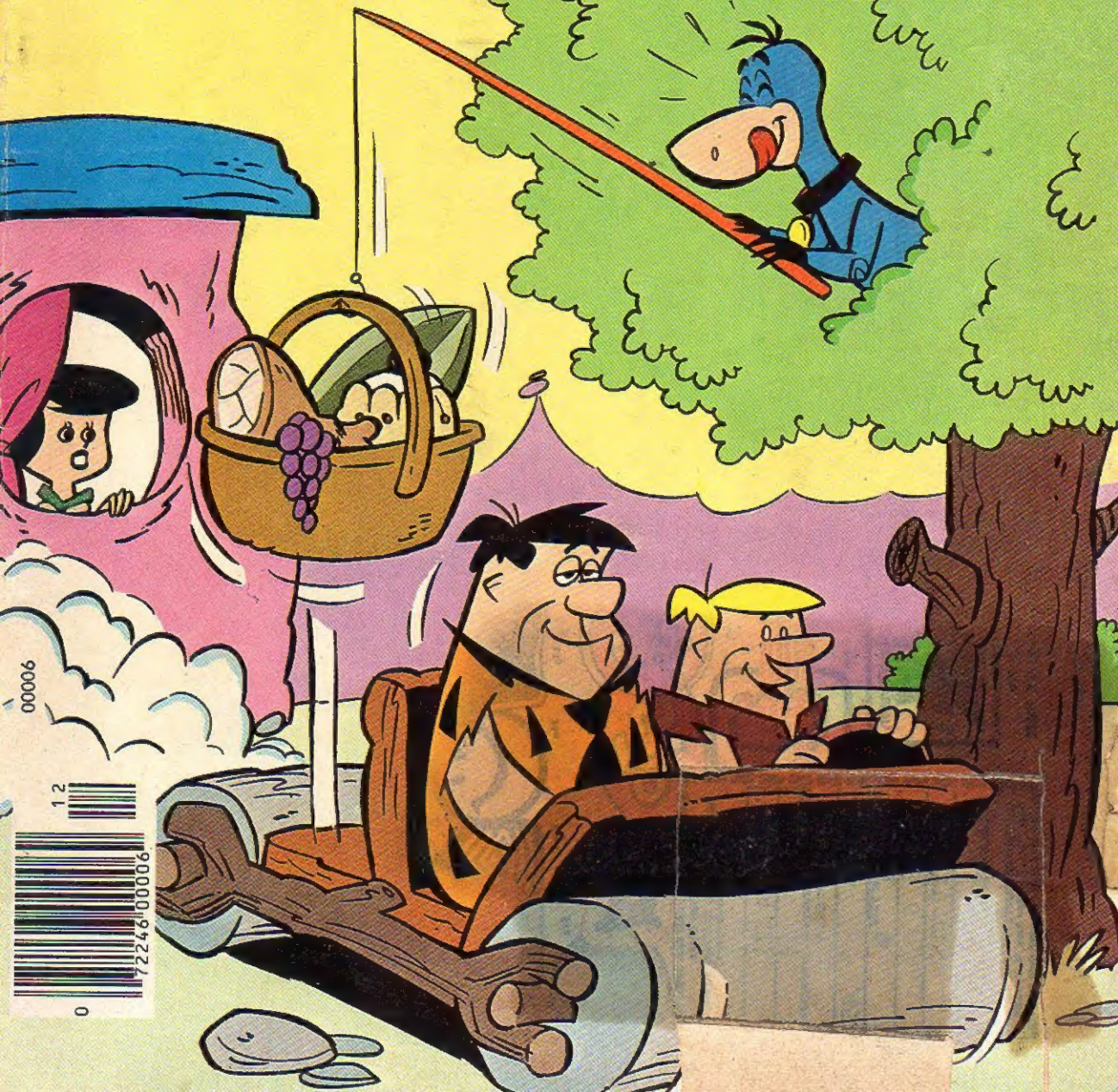
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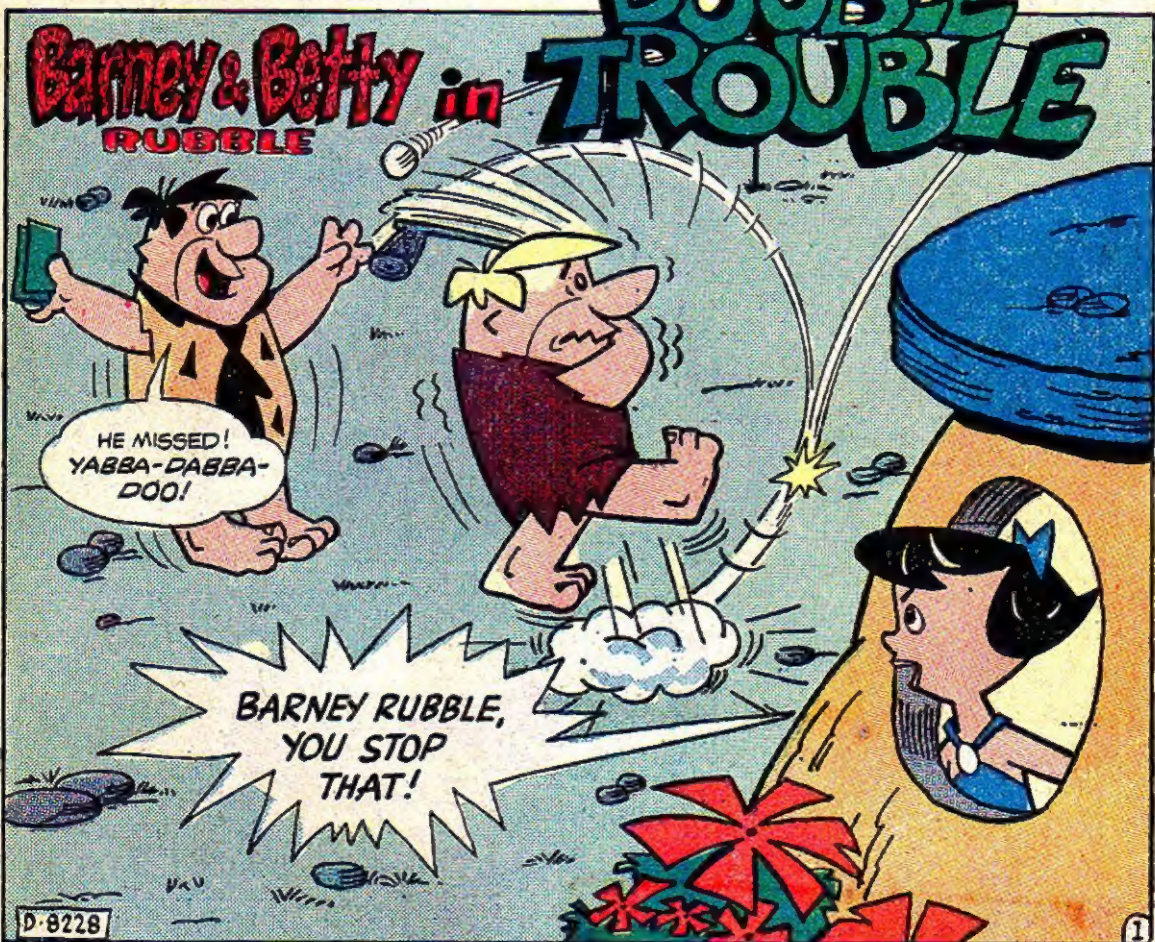
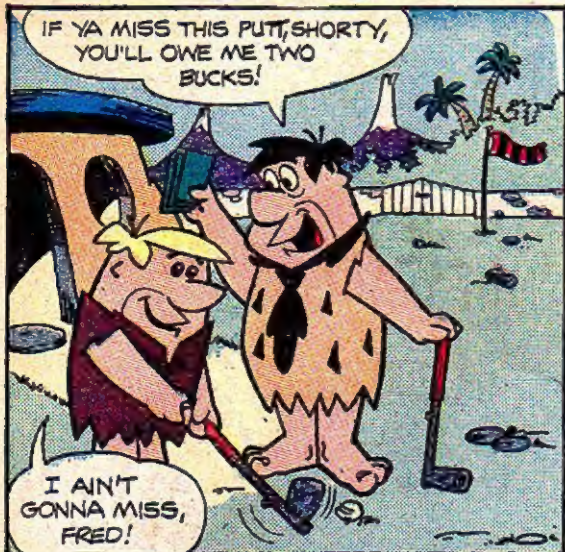
The **FLINTSTONES'** NEIGHBORS

# Barney & Betty

**RUBBLE** a Hanna-Barbera Production

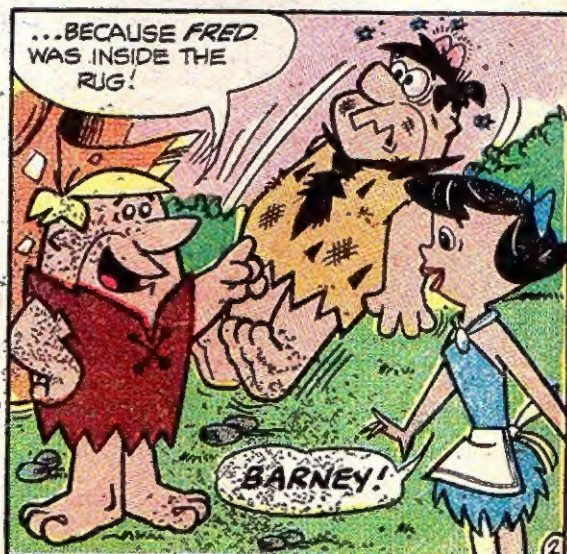
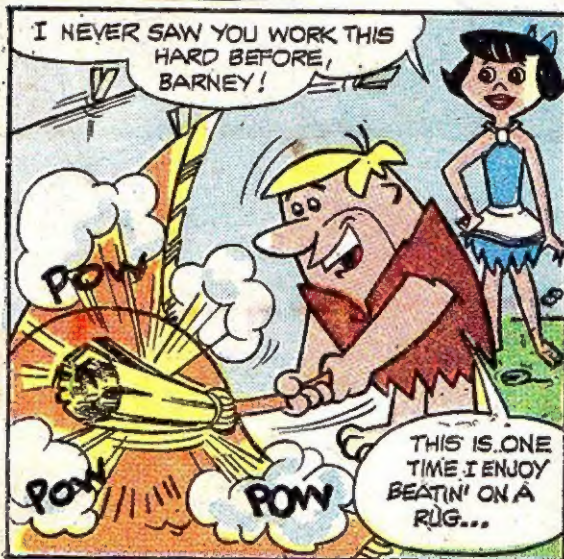
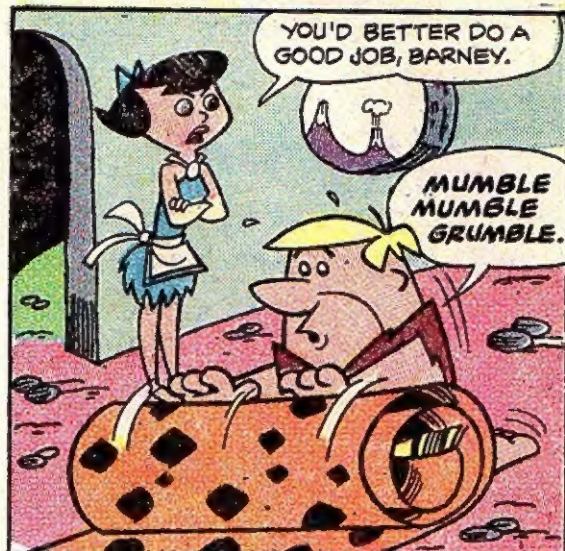




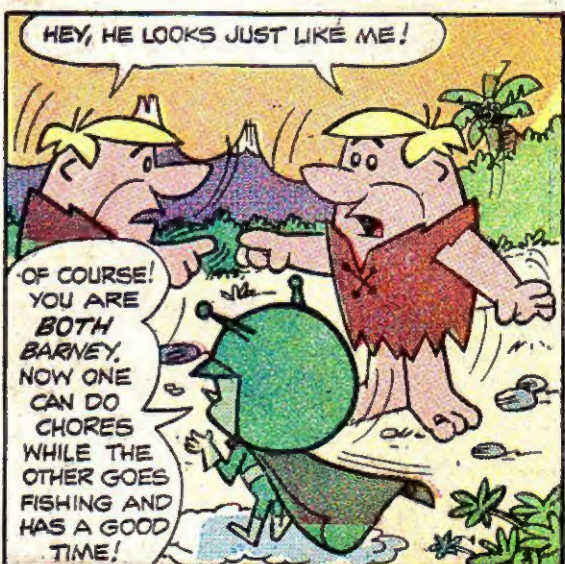
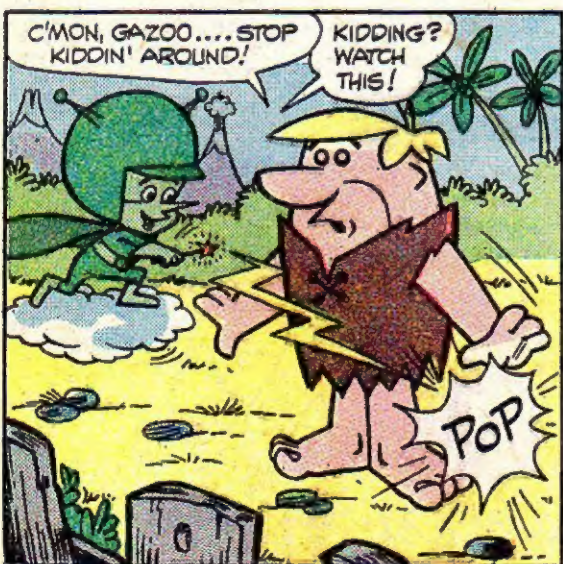
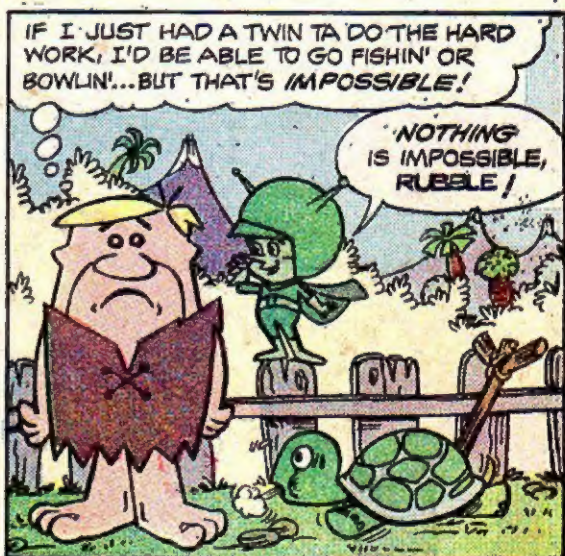
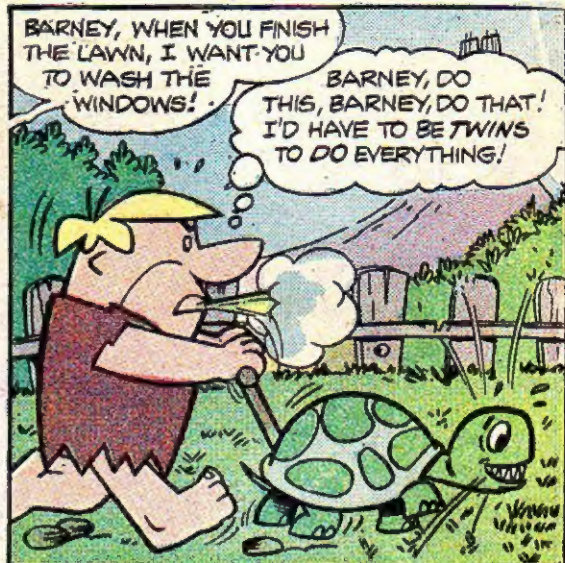
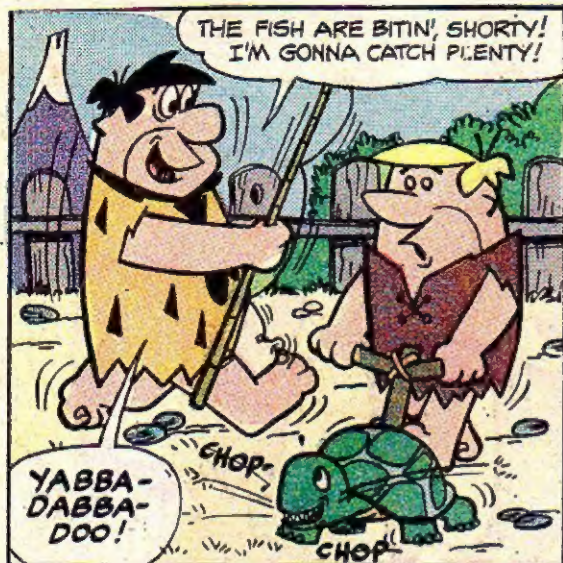


BARNEY & BETTY

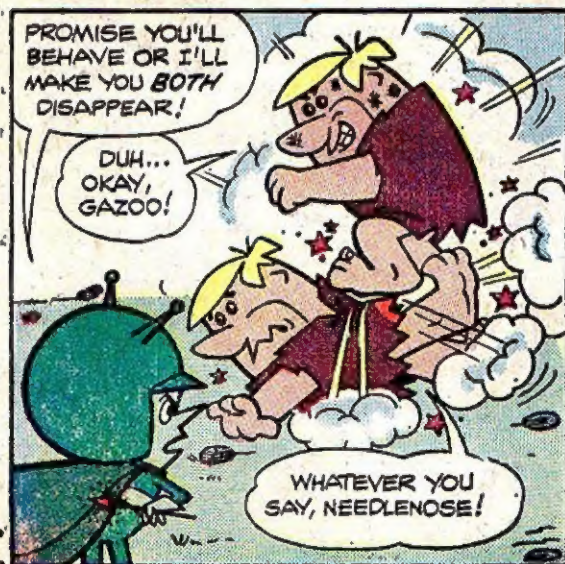
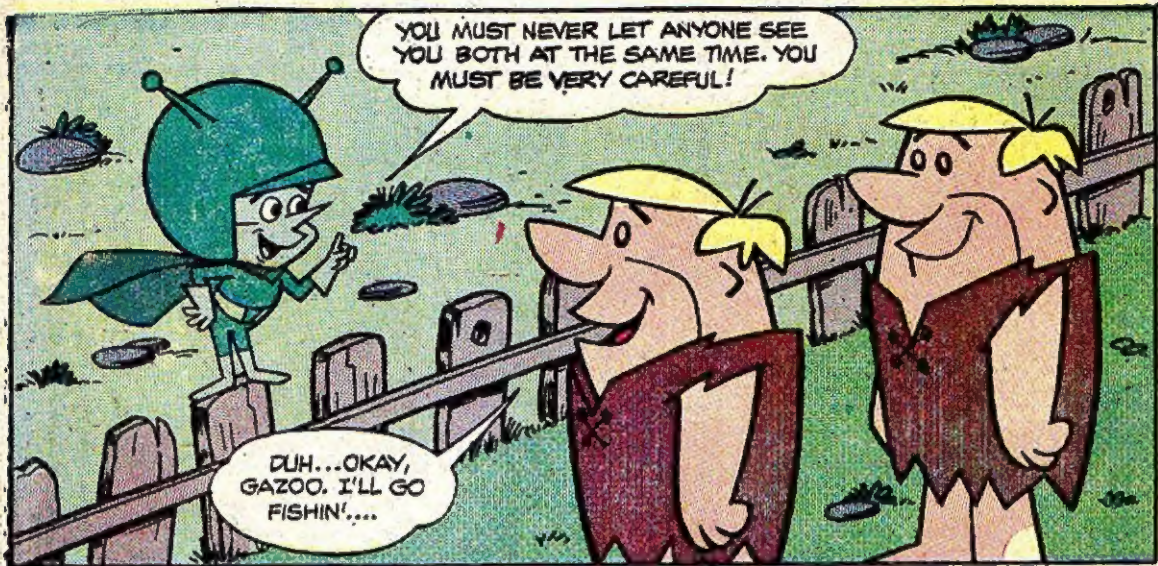






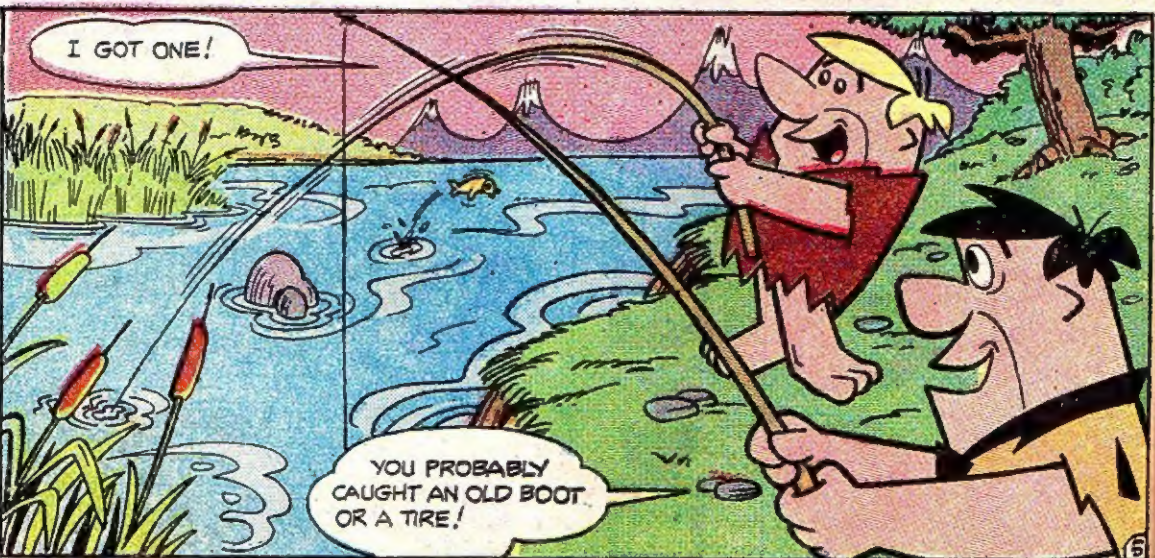
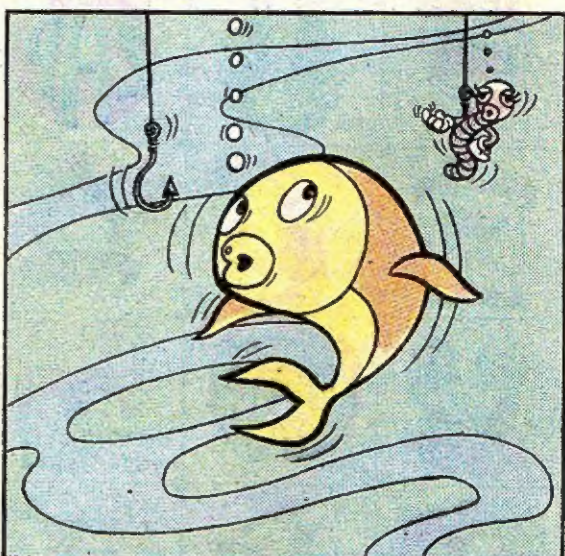
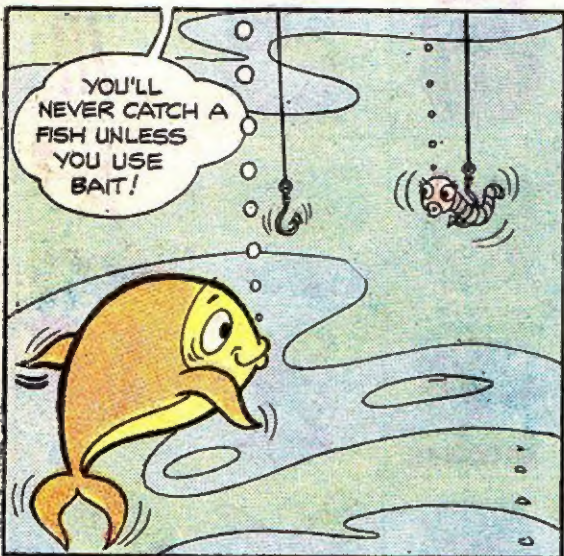
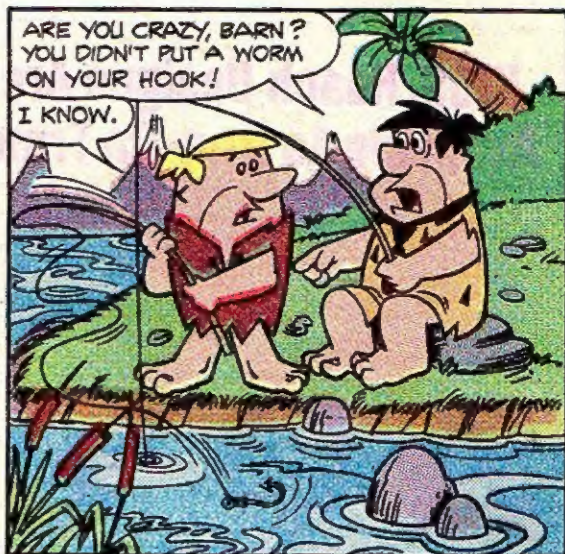
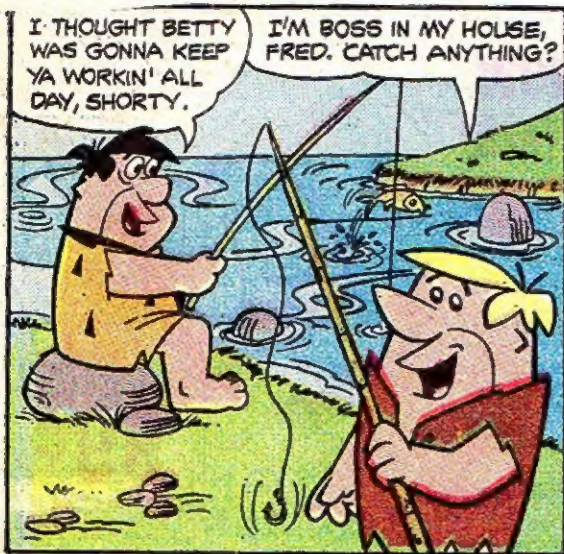




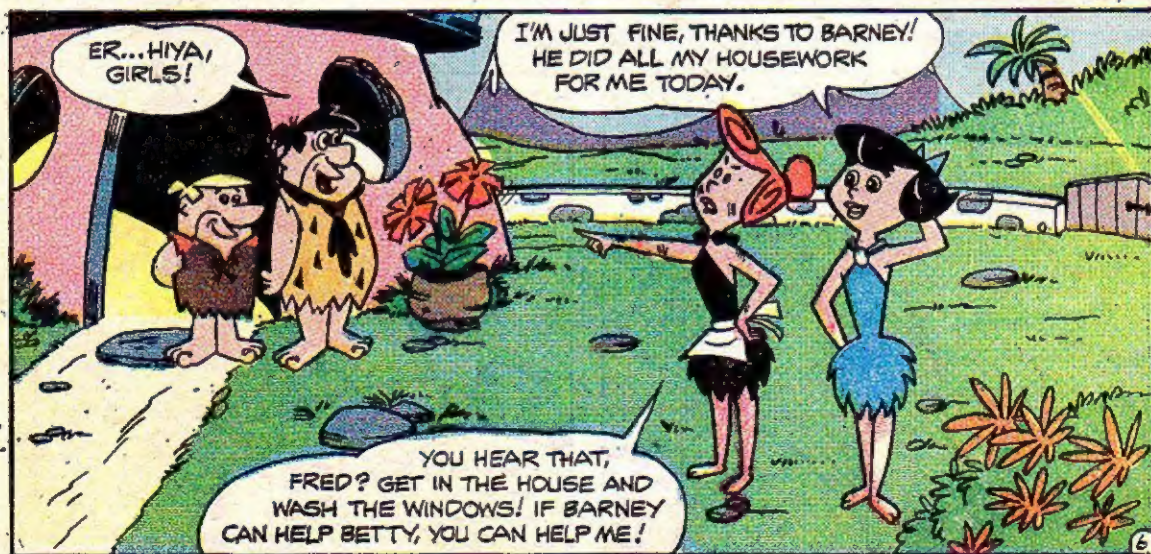
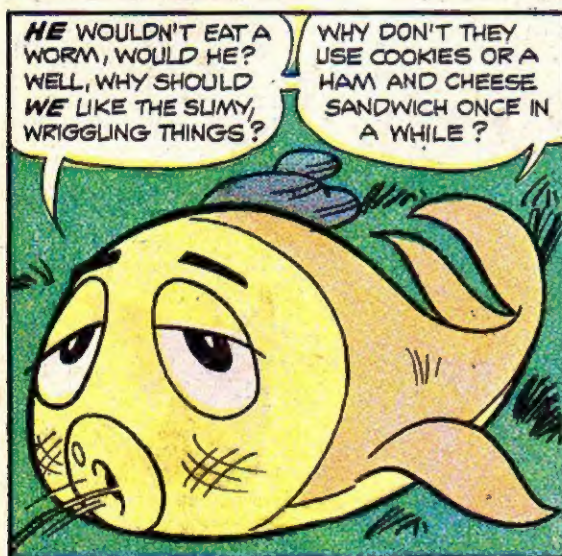
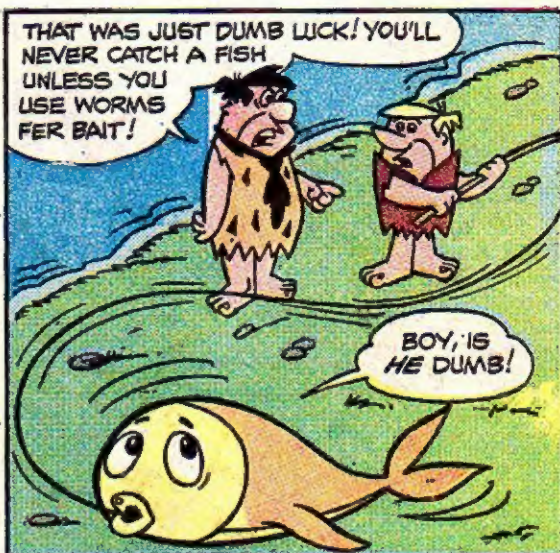
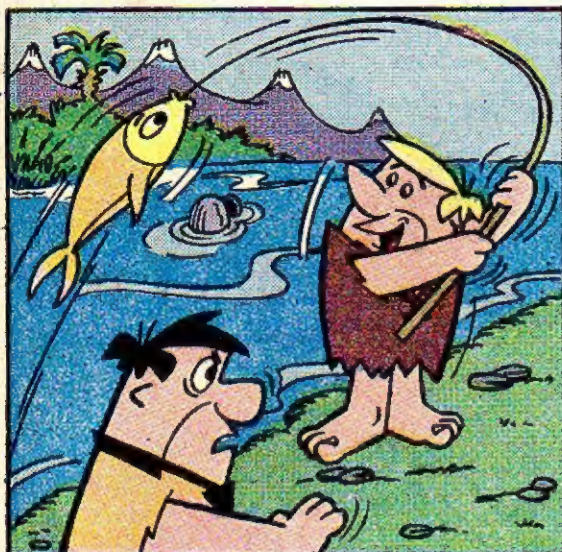


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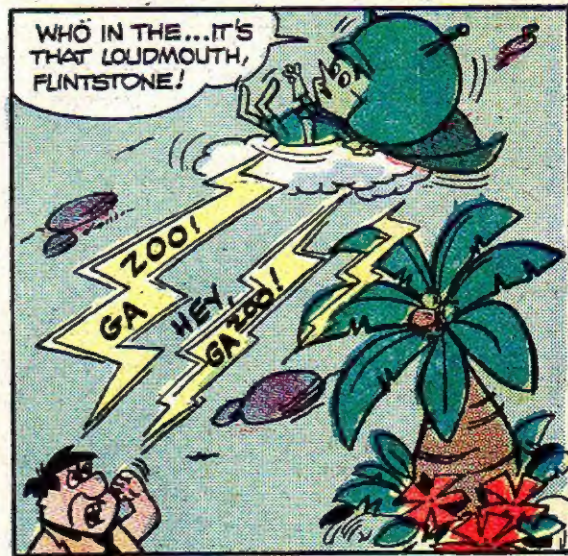
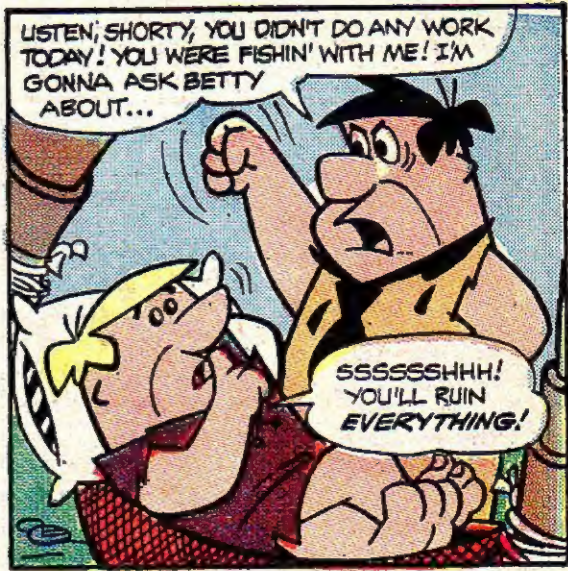
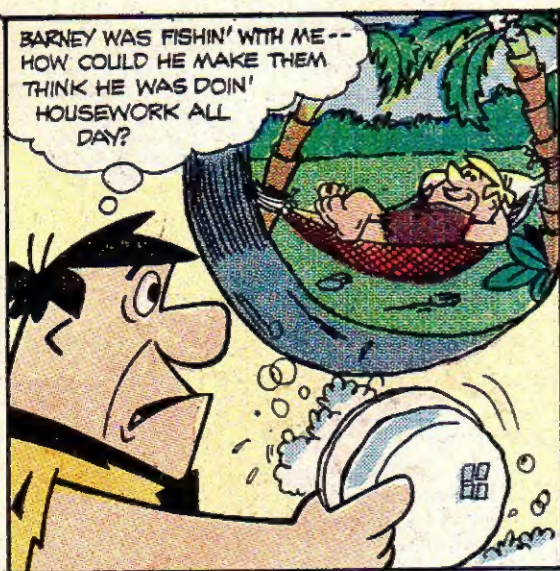




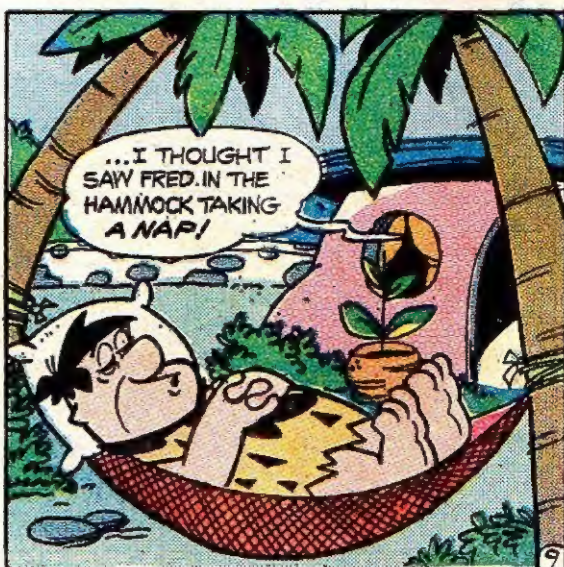
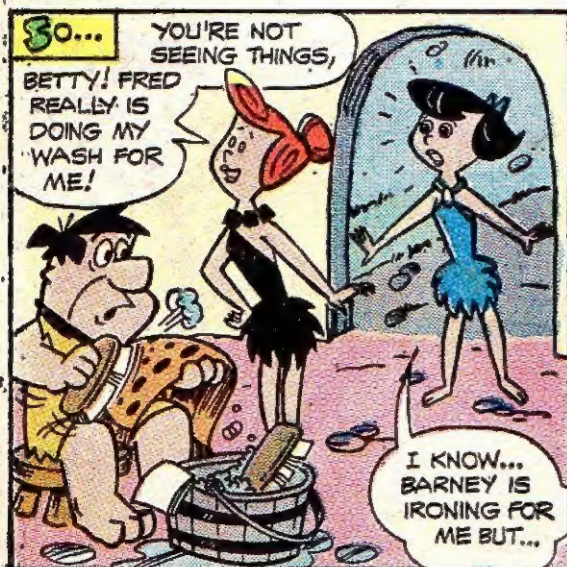
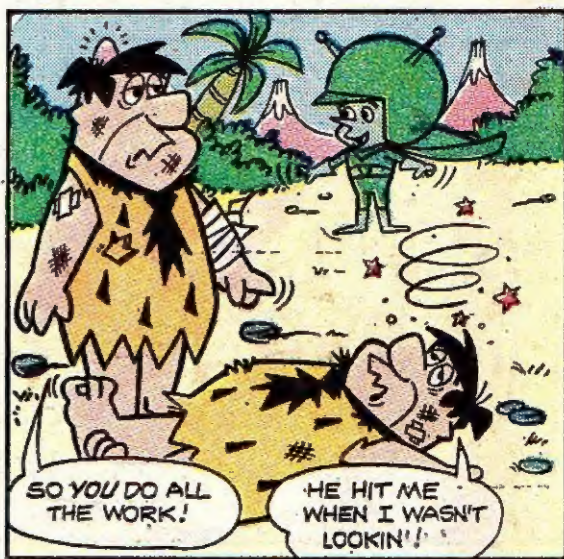
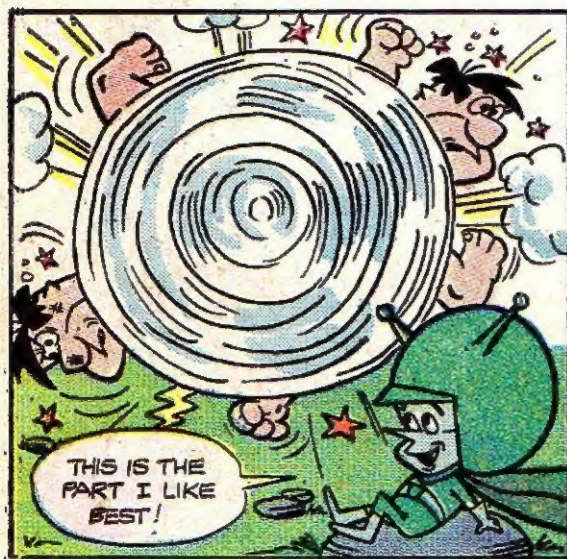
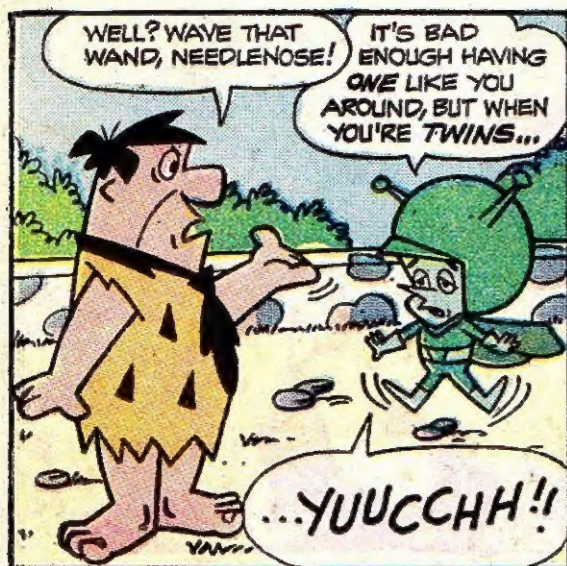




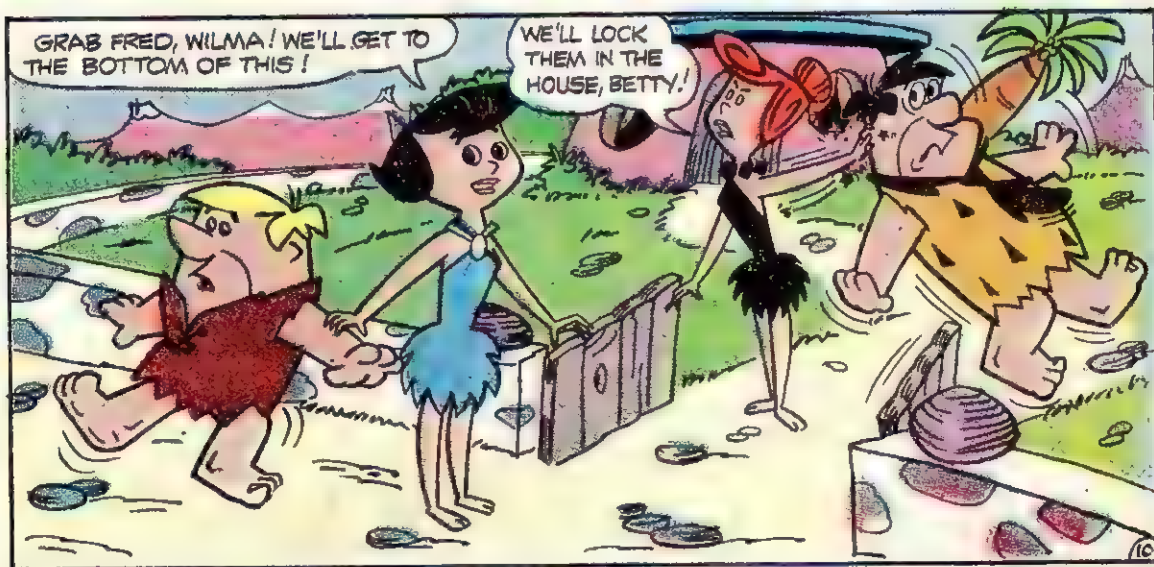
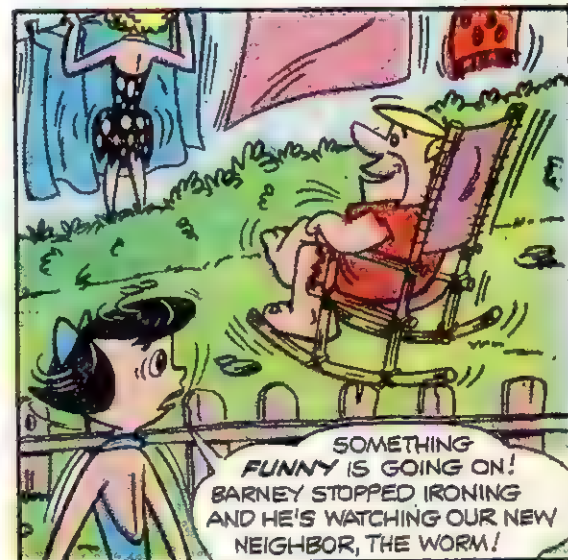
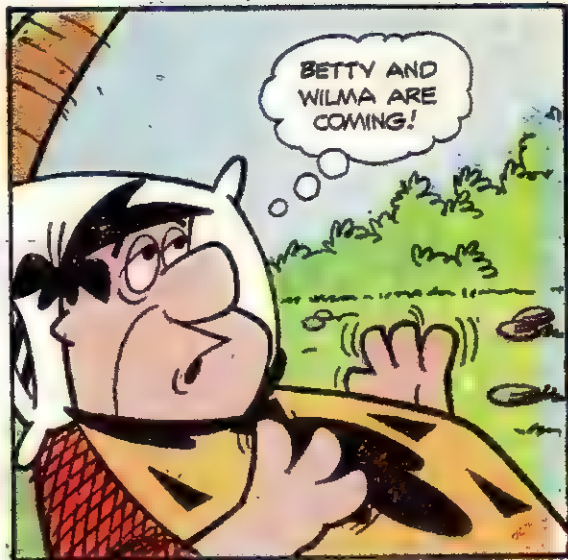
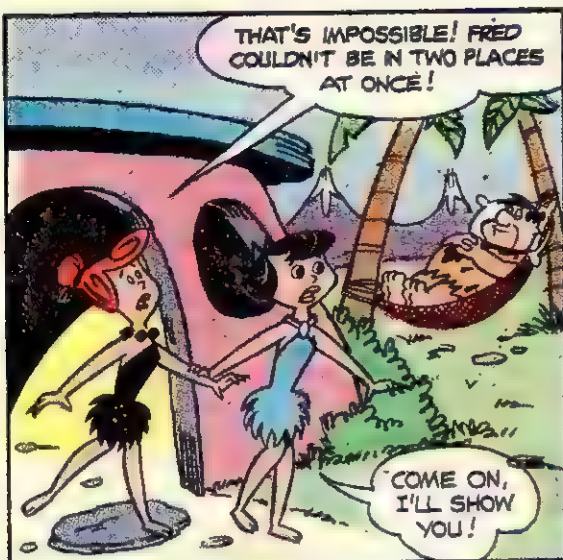




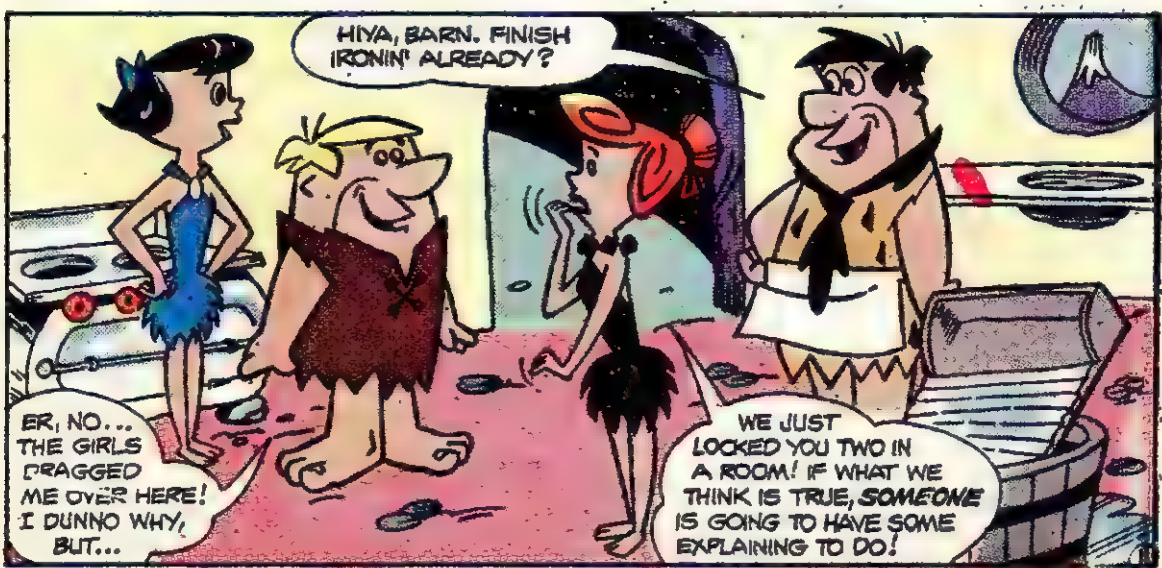
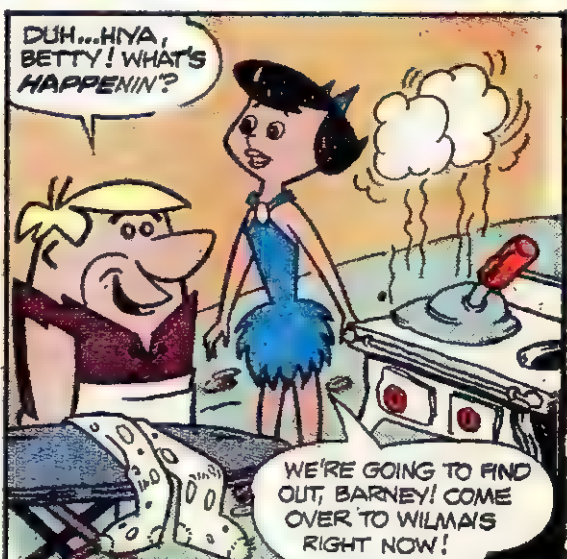
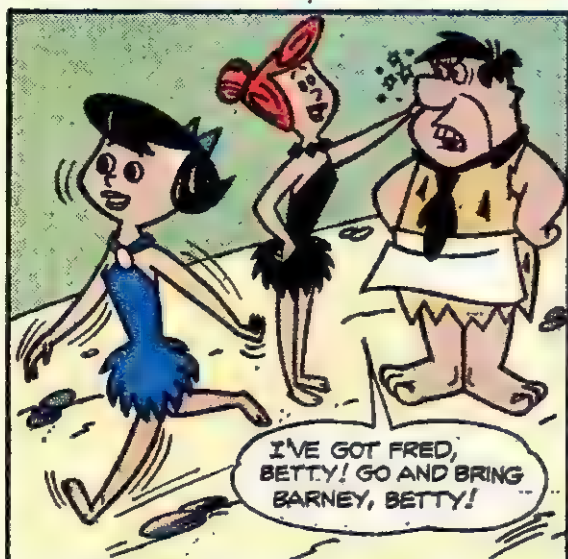
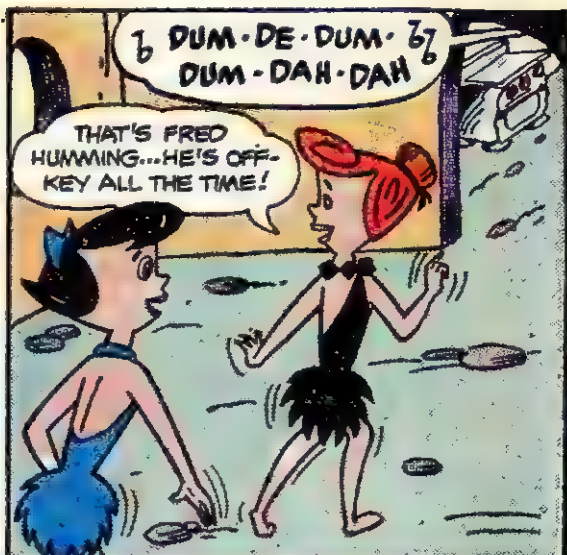
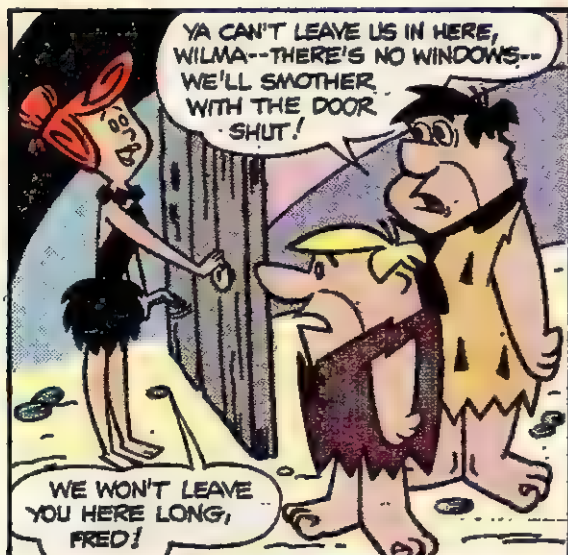




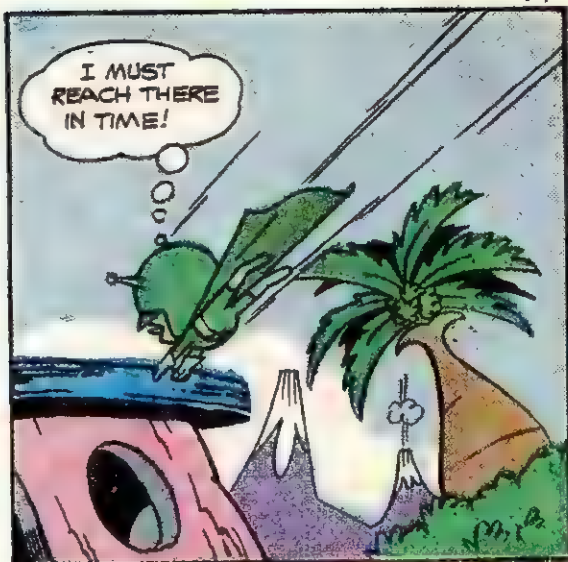
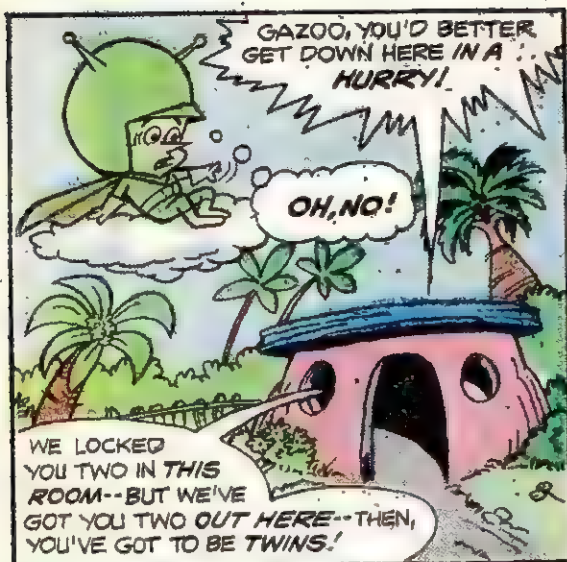








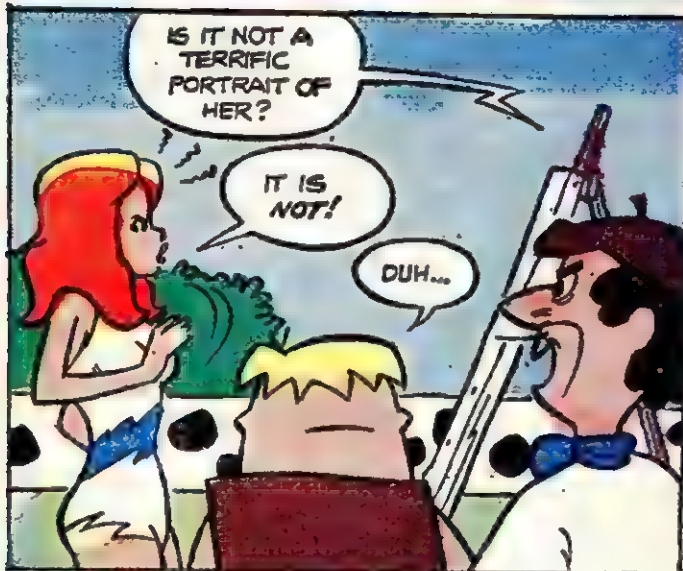
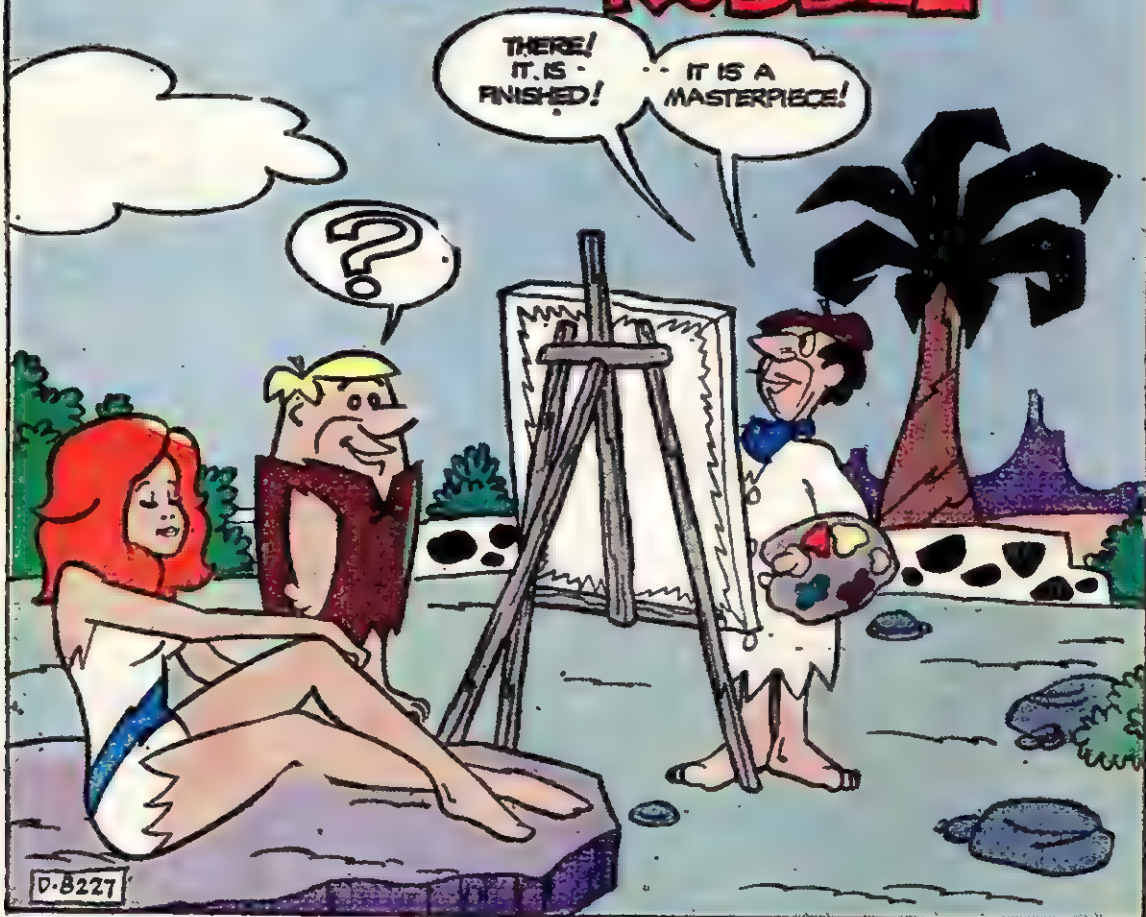




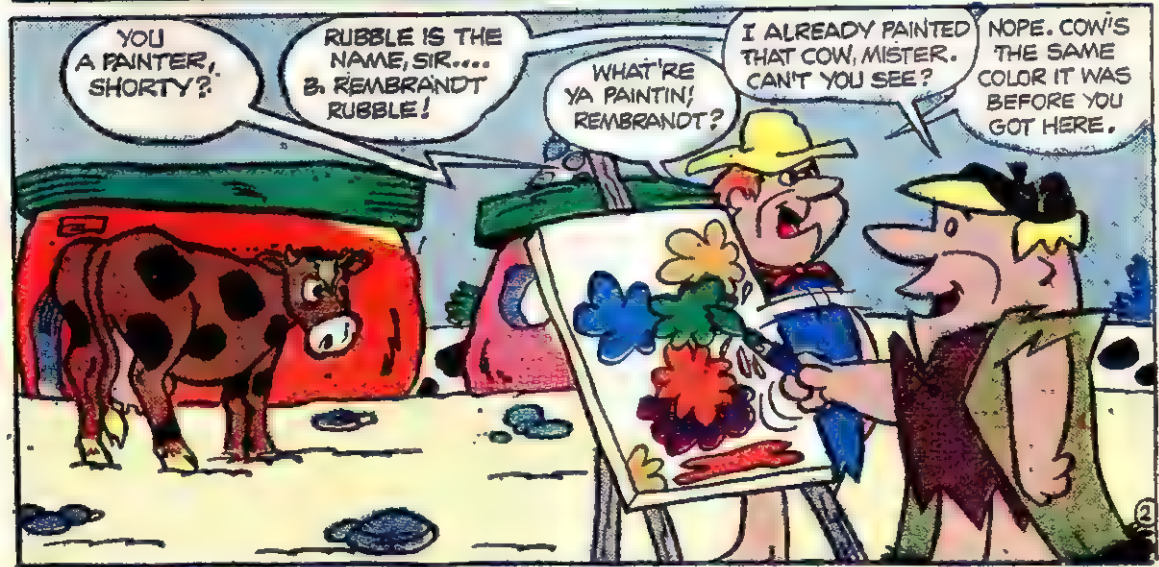
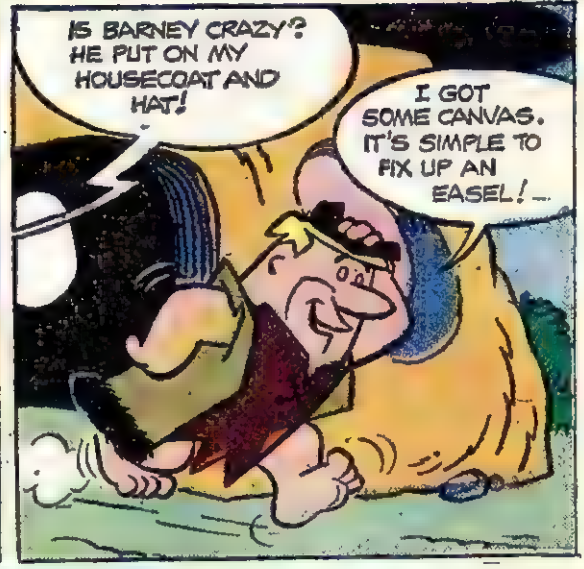
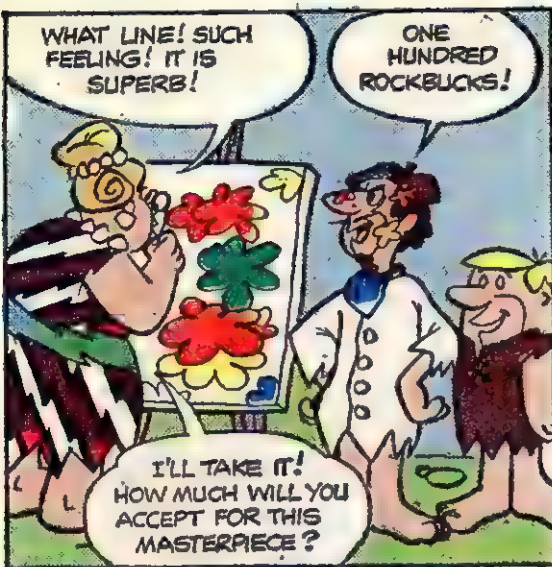


# Barney & Betty RUBBLE in

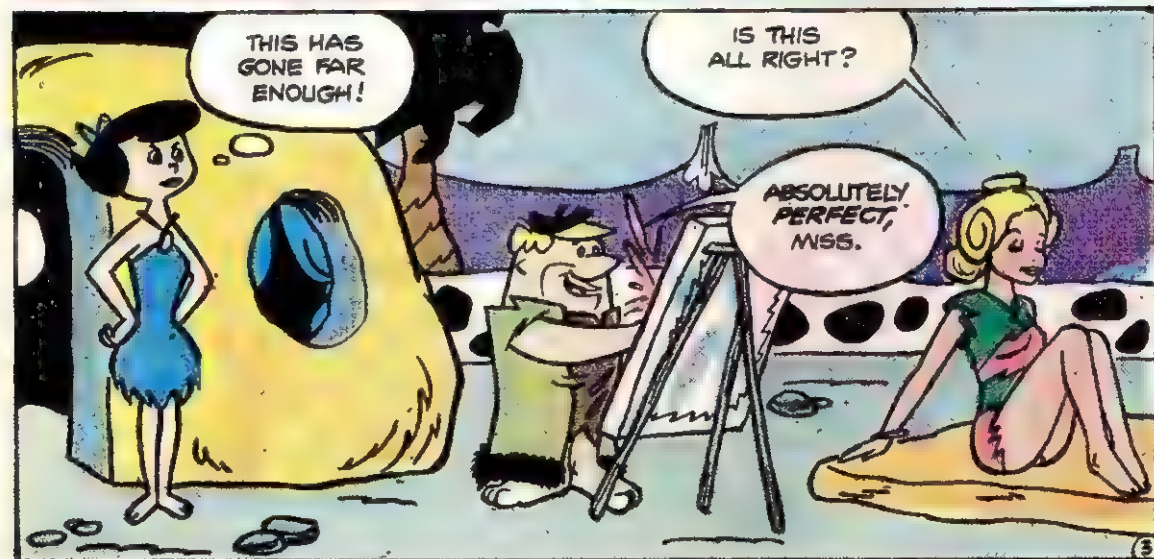
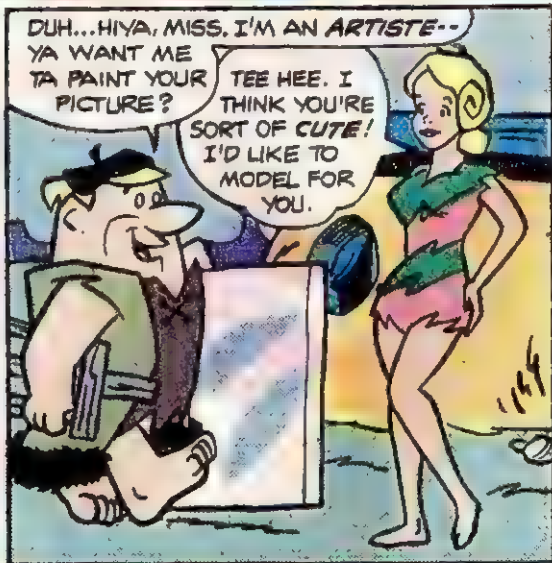
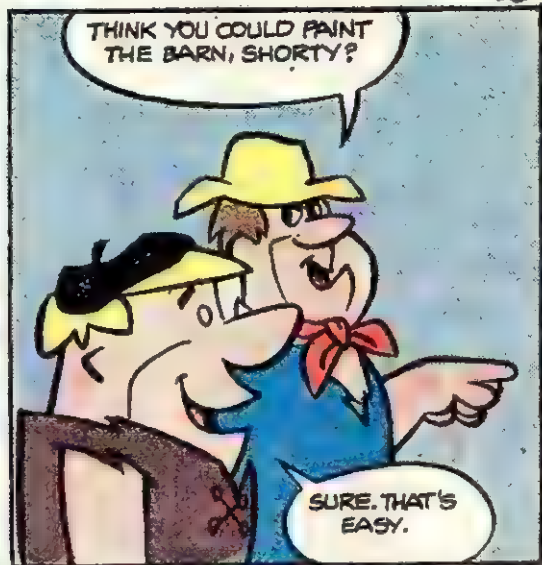
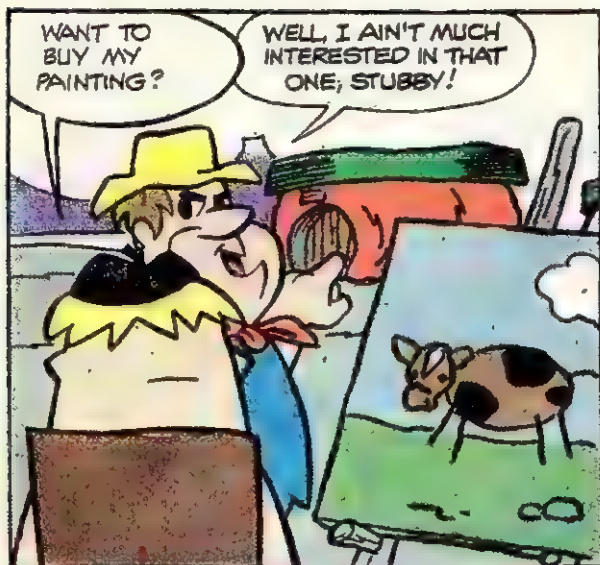
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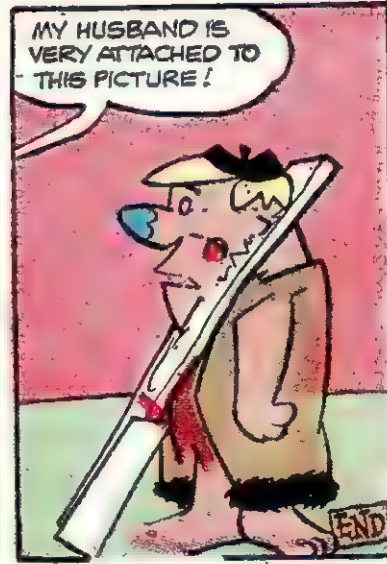
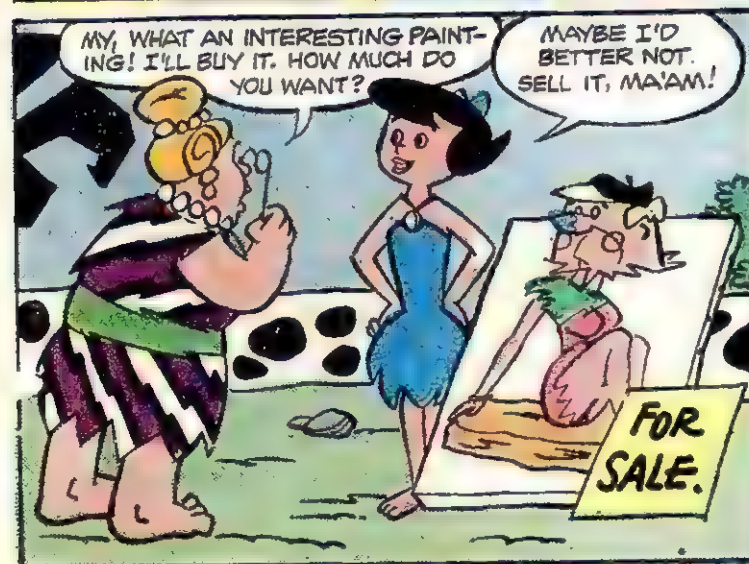
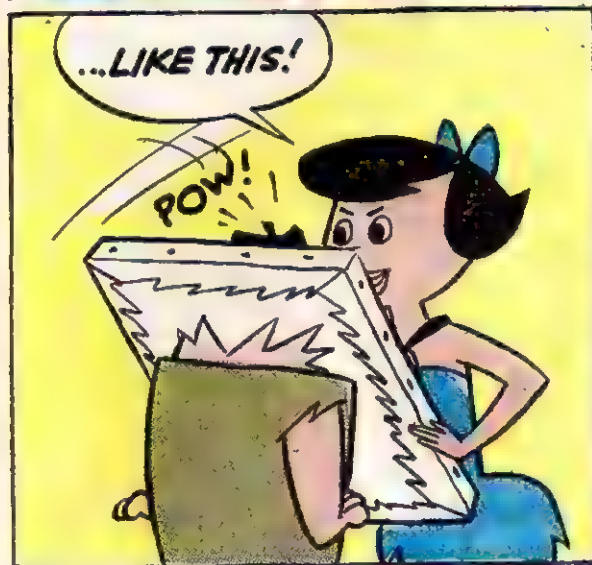






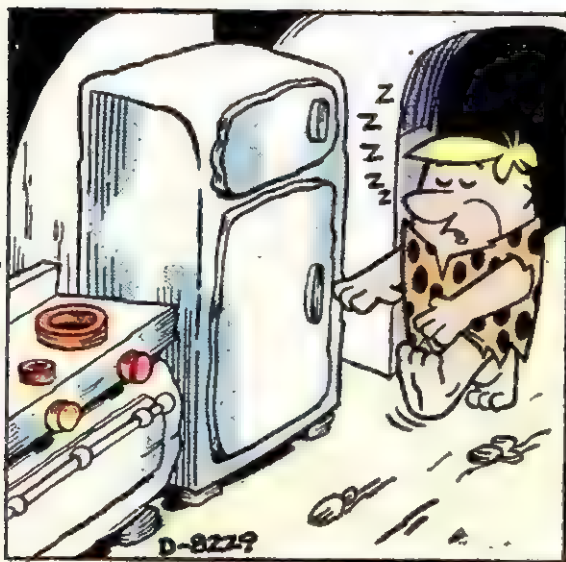
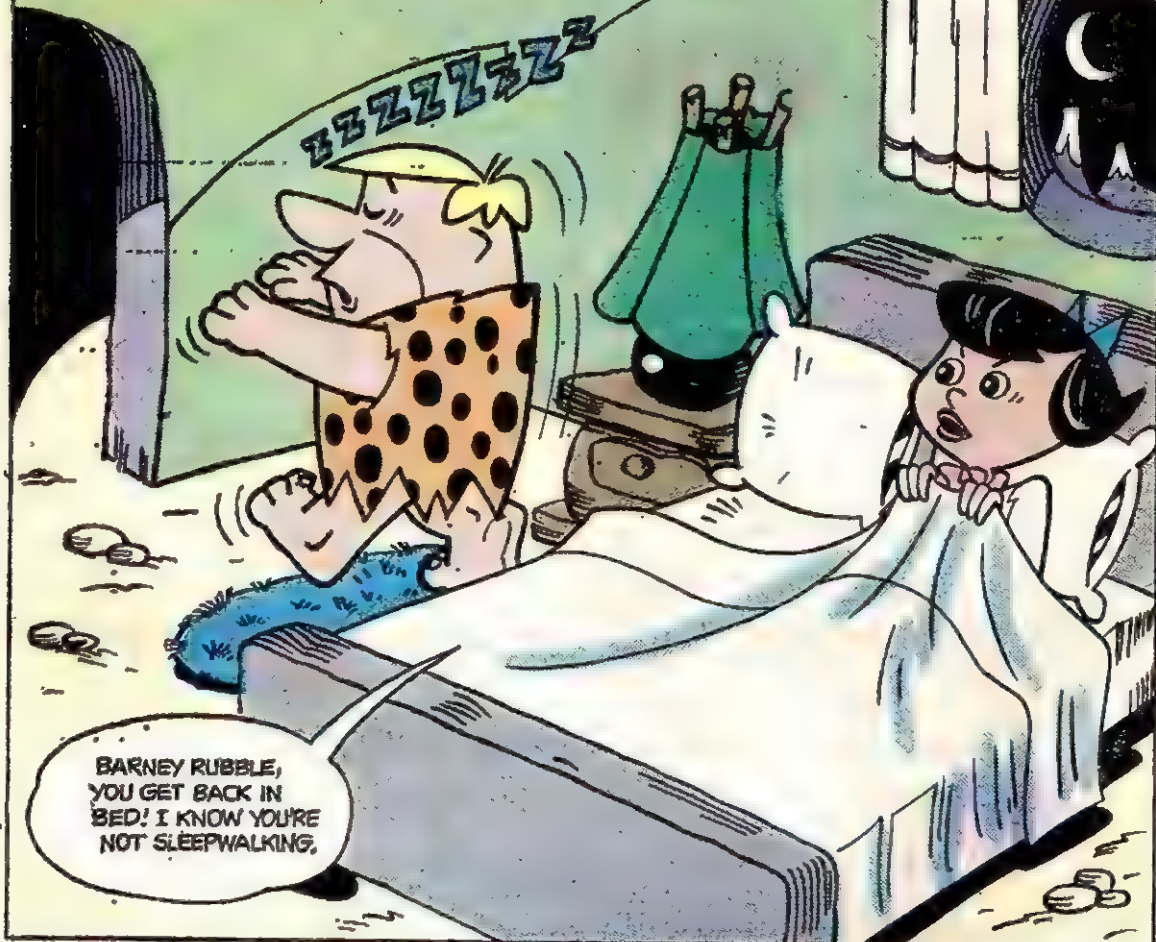








# Barney & Betty RUBBLE PLEASANT DREAMS



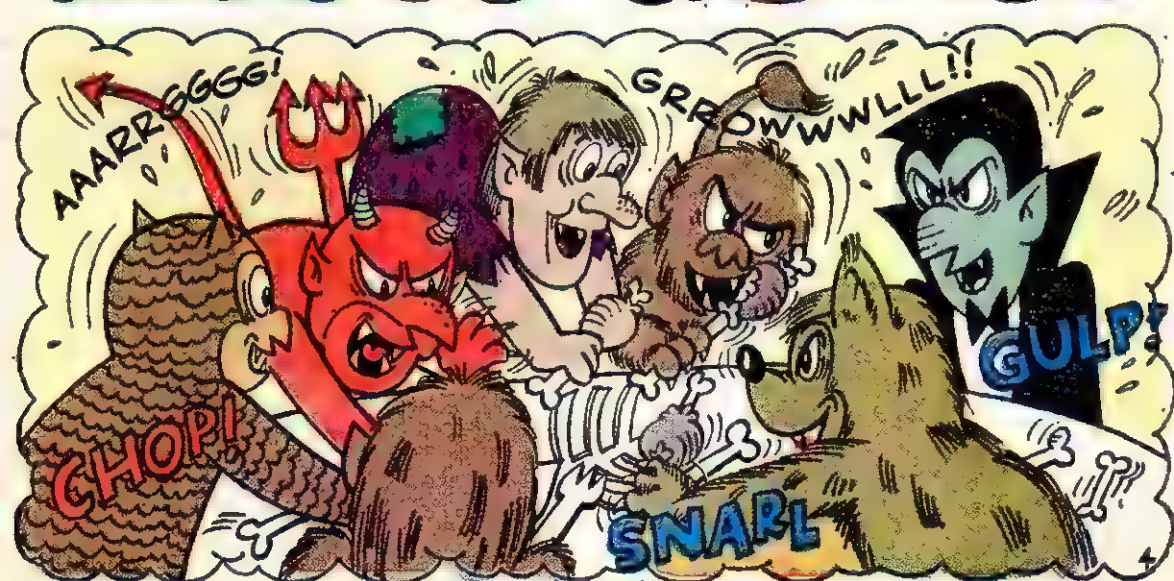
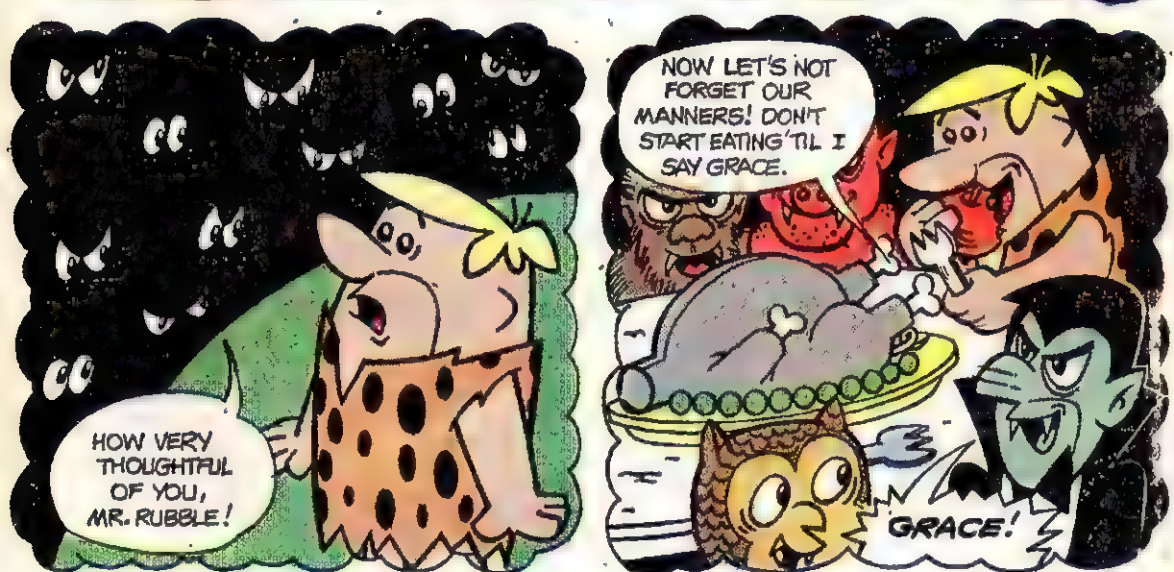
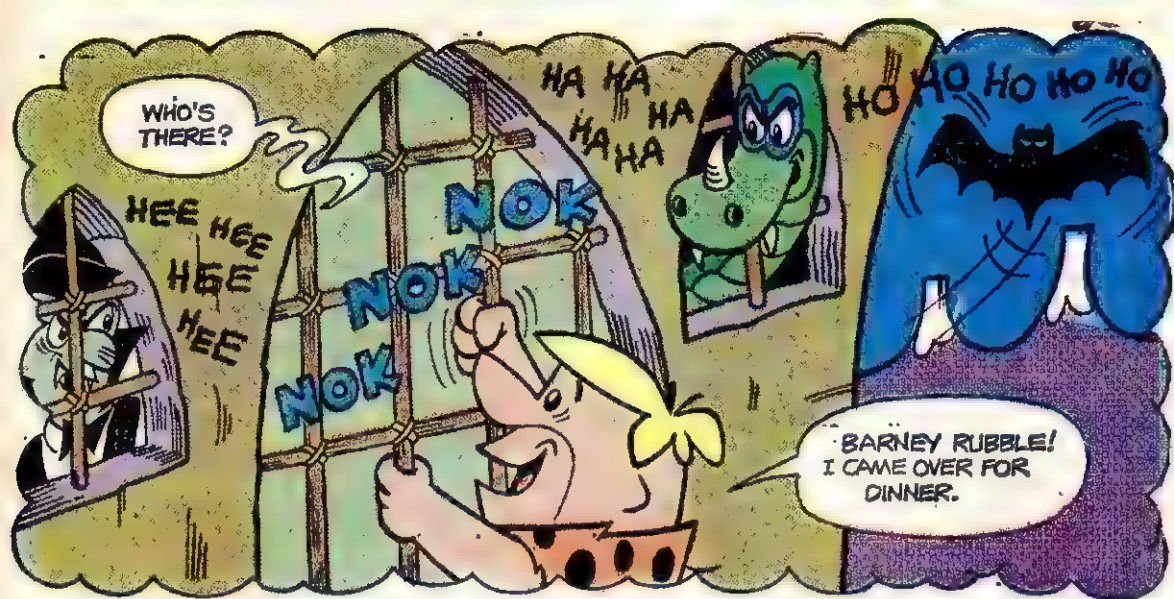




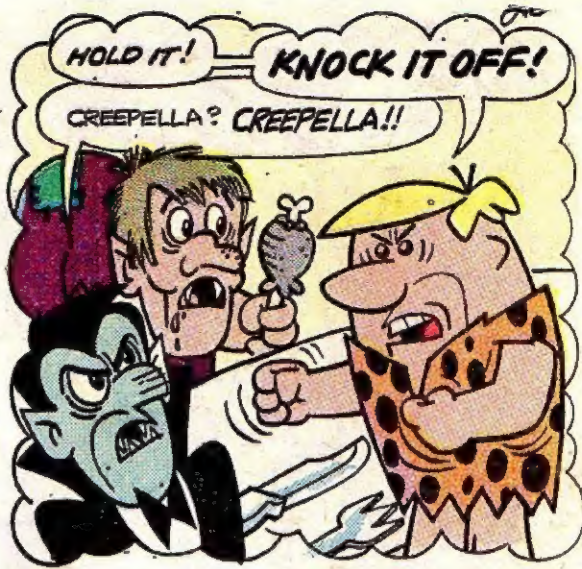




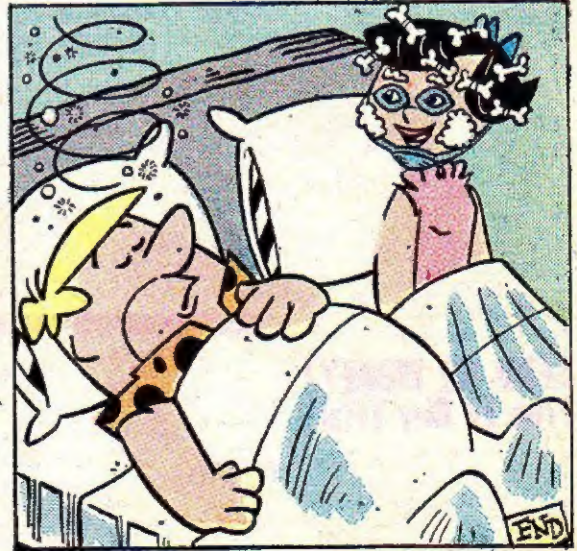
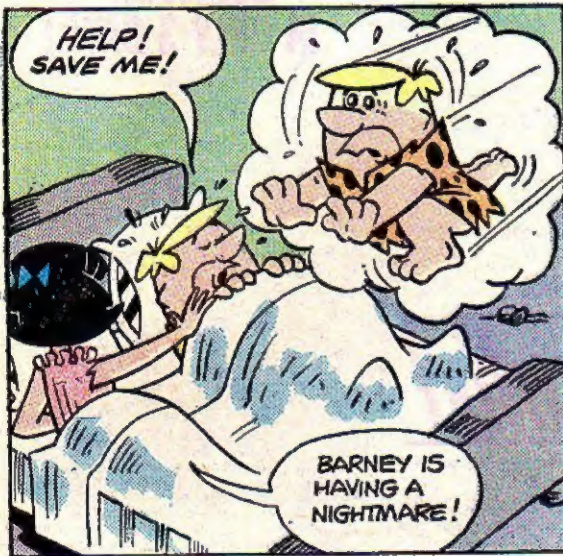
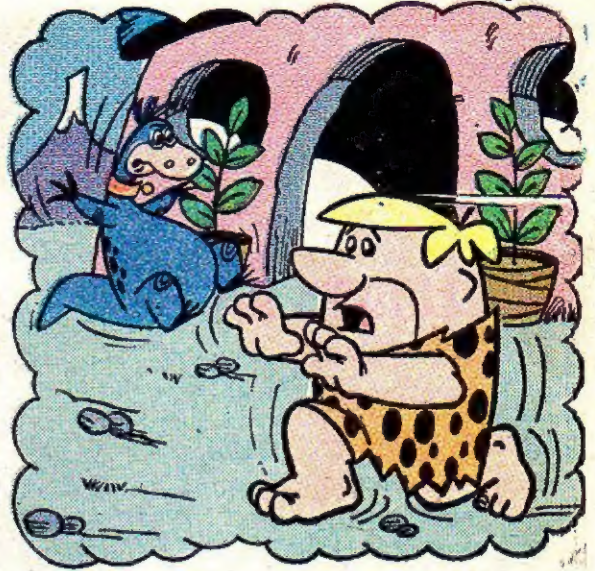
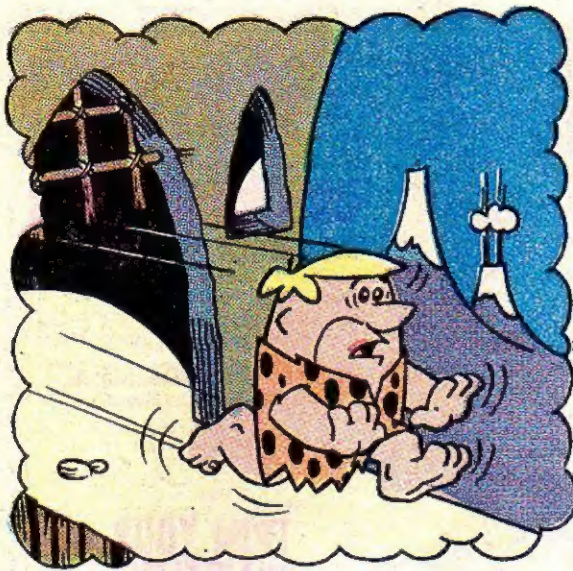






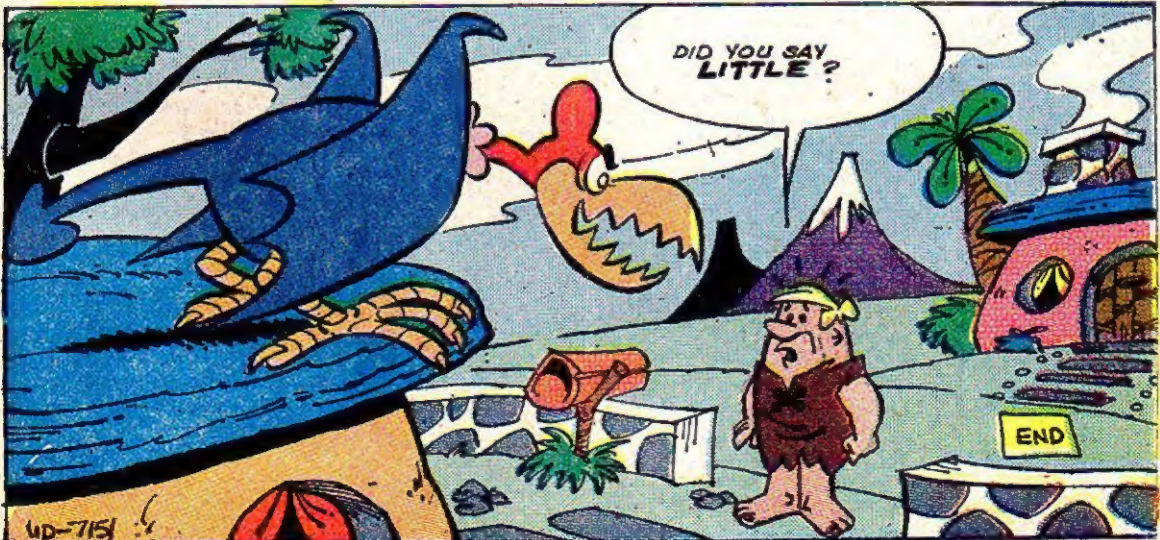
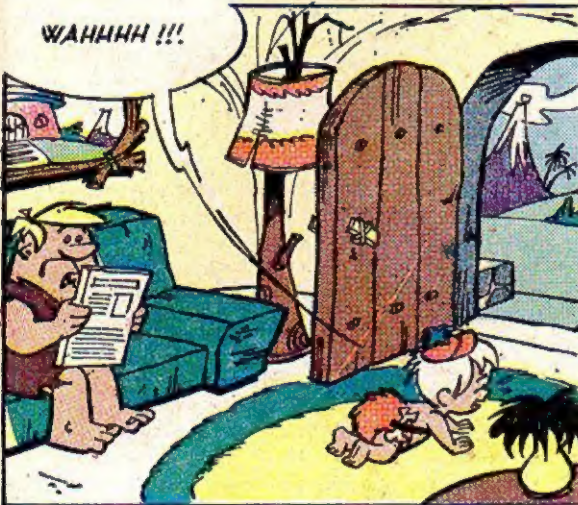
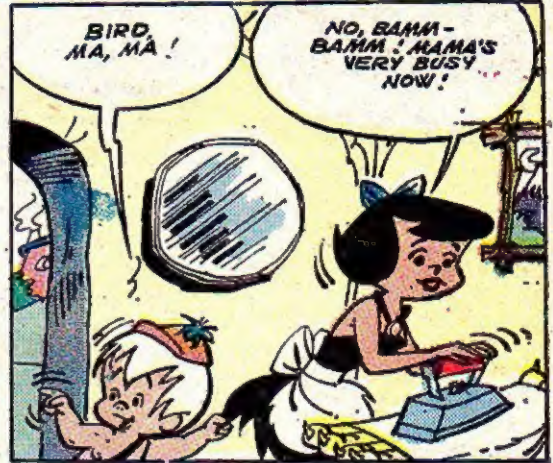
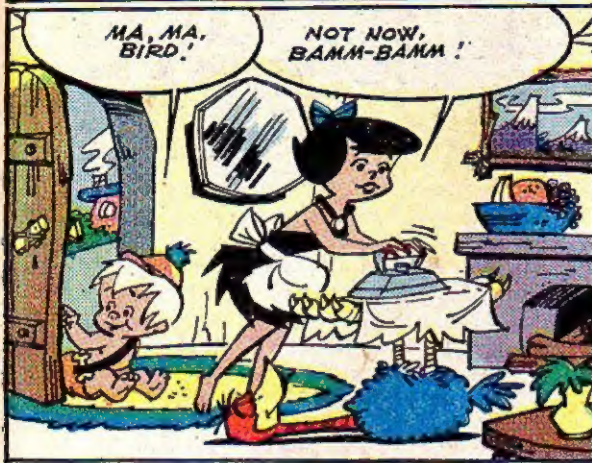








# BIRD BRAIN





# DO OR DIET

"Are you and Fred ready for the Water Buffalo's Annual Dinner Dance?" Betty Rubble asked Wilma Flintstone as they sat near the fireplace one evening after dinner. "The dance is only two weeks away and Barney hasn't allowed me to buy a new dress yet," Betty complained.

"I don't buy a new tuxedo every year, so why should you buy a new dress every year?" replied Barney.

"Barney Rubble, you're a miser!" Betty scolded.

"I'm only kidding," chuckled Barney. "You can buy a new gown tomorrow!"

"Barney, you're a doll," complimented Betty. "Wilma, did Fred let you buy a new dress yet or are you still arguing about it?" Betty inquired.

"We're not arguing," Wilma admitted sadly. "I can't buy a new dress. Fat Freddie isn't softhearted when it comes to money. Fred said that if his old tux is good enough for him, then my old gown is good enough for me," sighed Wilma.

"I haven't seen Mr. Tight Pockets since we finished dinner," said Barney. "Is he in his counting room squeezing his pennies?"

"No," laughed Wilma. "The big spender is in the bedroom trying on his old tuxedo!"

"Look at this!" Fred roared angrily as he stormed into the living room. "My tuxedo doesn't fit. It shrunk! Look how small it is. What happened to it?" Fred furiously demanded to know.

Fred's tux was tighter than he was. He couldn't button his shirt or close the jacket. The pants were skin tight! Nothing fit the way it was supposed to.

"I don't think it's the tuxedo, Fred," Wilma answered. "I think something is wrong with your body!"

"I don't understand!" grumbled Fred. "What are you talking about? There's nothing wrong with my body. I'm in great shape!" boasted Fred as he sucked in his big belly.

"The tux didn't shrink," said Barney. "You swelled up! You're in great shape for a brontosaurus! Freddie my boy, you're fat, fat, fat!" teased Barney as Wilma and Betty giggled.

"How can I be fat? I get plenty of exercise," replied Fred.

"The only exercise you get is lifting a fork filled with food from your plate to your mouth," Barney joked.

"Well, I guess that means I get a new gown for the dinner dance," stated Wilma. "Since Fred has to buy a new tuxedo, I get to buy a new gown. He can't wear what he wore last year, so I don't have to wear what I wore last year."

"That's right, Wilma," agreed Betty.

"It looks like Fred's moldy, old wallet is going to see the light of day at last," added Barney.

"Hold it right there," ordered Fred. "My tux doesn't fit now, but I have two weeks to get into it. I'll diet and exercise and by the time the dance arrives, I'll be skinny enough to fit into my old tux," Fred predicted. "Barney will help me to reduce. Right, Barn?"

"Right-O, Fat Freddie," Barney answered as he winked at Wilma.

"If you don't get into your old tux, then Wilma gets a new dress, right?" asked Betty.

"Right!" agreed Fred.

Bright and early the next morning, Coach Barney Rubble knocked at Fred Flintstone's front door.

"What do you want, Rubble? It's six o'clock in the morning!" complained Fred.

"I know," answered Barney. "It's time for you to jog two miles. You're going to have to jog two miles every morning in order to slim down."

"I guess you're right," sighed Fred. He didn't like the idea of jogging each morning, but he had to lose weight. He put on his sweat suit and off they went down the road.

After jogging, Fred got dry toast and water for breakfast. At lunch time, Fred dined on lettuce and carrots. For supper, Fred had celery and cottage cheese. Before he went to bed, Barney made Fred do calisthenics.

Fred was so pooped, that he fell fast asleep right in the middle of doing his last push-up. He fell face first onto the floor and was out like a light.

The next morning, Barney arrived again at the crack of dawn.

"Today, I'm really going to make you work," Barney told Fred who was still half asleep.

"That's what you think," answered Fred. "I quit! I'm buying a new tux and Wilma is getting a new dress," he growled as he stormed off toward the bedroom.

"Thanks, Barney. It worked perfectly," said Wilma as she crept out of the kitchen. Wilma, Betty and Barney had planned to work and starve Fred until he gave up.

"Heh! Heh! If they only knew the truth," laughed Fred who was listening. "I tried on my old tux this morning and it fit perfectly. I want Wilma to have a new dress, but I don't want them to know that I'm not as cheap as I pretend to be!"